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PROPOSALS

FOR A
TRANSLATION

OF
Virgil's ÆNEIDS

IN
BLANK VERSE.

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P. R. O. P. O. S. A. L. S.

FOR A

TRANSLATION



NIGHT'S WILDS

1811

BLANK VERSE

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PROPOSALS

For Publishing a
TRANSLATION
OF
Virgil's ÆNEIDS
IN
BLANK VERSE.

Together with
A SPECIMEN of the Performance.

By N. BRADY, D. D. &c.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the AUTHOR. MDCCXIII.

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TRANSLATION

OF

Virgil's *ÆNEIDS*



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By W. B. R. A. S. T. D. D. &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author. MDCCLXIII.

Advertisement.

IT is not that I flatter my self that I have greater Abilities, than those that have gone before me in this great Work, that I venture to attempt, what Others have aim'd at unsuccessfully; but I fancy I have found out the Rock which they all split upon, and by shunning That may proceed more safely: And that seems to me to be, their Translating this Noble and Elegant Poem into Rhyme; by which they were sometimes forced to abandon the Sense, and at other times to cramp it very much; which Inconveniencies may probably be avoided in Blank Verse. Because I must
differ

*differ from my Predecessors, in several Parts
of the Construction ; I shall at the End of
every Book of the Aeneids, add some few
Notes in my own Justification. I shall also add
some explanatory Notes, for the Benefit of those
who understand not the Original Language of
the Poem, or the Fables contained in it.*



PROPOSALS

FOR

Publishing a *New Translation* of
Virgil's ÆNEIDS in *Blank*
Verse.

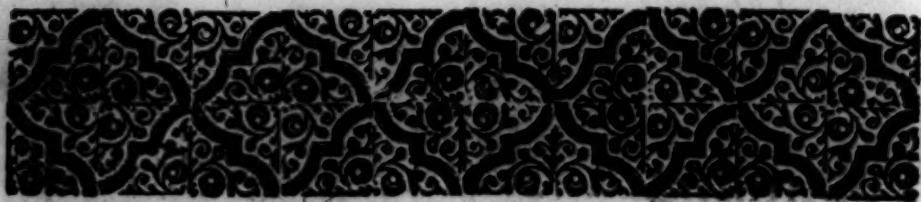
MY DESIGN is to Publish a Volume every
Three Months, containing One Book of the
ÆNEIDS, till the Whole is Finished: To take
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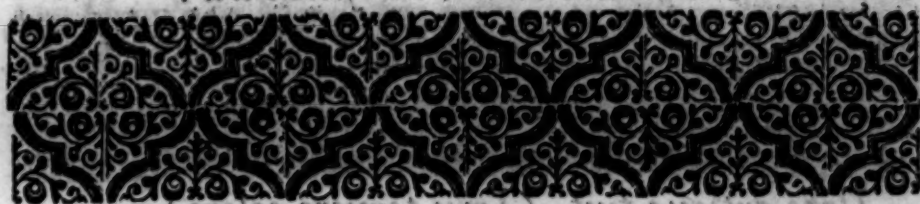
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ROMA, Virumq; cano, Troja qui primus ab oris
A Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaq; venit
Littora, multum ille & terris jactatus & alto,
 Vi superum, sevae memorem Junonis ob iram;
 Multa quoq; & bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
 Inferretq; deos Latio; genus unde Latinum,
 Albaniq; patres, atque alta moenia Roma.
 Musa, mibi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
 Quidve dolens regina deum, tot voluere casus
 Insignem pietate Virum, tot adire labores



RMS, and the Hero, who from ruin'd Troy,
 A Chief of her wandring Sons, by Fate's decree,
 Sail'd to *Lavinum* on th' *Italian* Shore,
 I sing : Much was he toss'd by Land and Sea,
 Long struggled with opposing Pow'rs, incens'd
 By *Juno* mindful of her antient Wrong :
 Much too by War he suffer'd, whilst he strove
 To build *Lavinium*, and with pious Zeal
 To fix his *Trojan* Gods in *Latian* Shrines :
 Hence sprung the *Latin* Race, the *Alban* Fathers,
 And hence the lofty Walls of *Empress Rome*.

But say, my Muse, what God could He offend,
 Renown'd for Piety ? or what could urge
 The angry Queen of Heav'n, to make Him share

Impulerit ? Tantane animis cœlestibus ira ?

*Urbs antiqua fuit, (Tyrii tenuere coloni)
Carthago, Italiam contra, Tyberinaq; longè
Ostia, dives opum, studiisq; asperrima belli.
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam,
Posthabitâ colluisse Samo : hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit ; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
(Siquâ fata sinant) jam tum tenditque, fovetque.*

*Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci
Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces :
Hinc populum latè regem bellòque superbum,
Venturum exidio Libyæ ; sic voluere Parcas.*

Such various Hazards and perplexing Toils ?
 Are Heav'nly Minds by boundless Passion sway'd ?

Against th' *Italian* Coast and *Tyber's* Mouth,
 But distant far from Both, *Carthage* the Old
 Rear'd her proud Head, a Colony from *Tyre*,
 Profusely Rich, and roughly bent on War ;
 Beyond her other Seats by *Juno* lov'd,
 And ev'n preferr'd to *Samos* ; here she kept
 Her various Equipage for War and Peace :
 This Place she cherish'd, and design'd to make
 (If Fate forbid not) Mistress of the World.

But strange Reports had reach'd her jealous Ear,
 That late Descendants of the *Trojan* Race
 Should level with the Ground the *Tyrian* Tow'rs ;
 That from this Stock a Nation should proceed,
 Wide in Dominions, and made great by War,
 To *Lybia's* Ruin ; and that This was Fate.

*Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
 Prima quod ad Trojam pro charis gesserat Argis,
 Necdum etiam causæ irarum, sævique dolores
 Exciderant animo. Manet altâ mente repôstum
 Judicium Paridis, spretæque injuria formæ,
 Et genus invisum, & rapti Ganymedis honores,
 His accensa super, jactatos æquore toto
 Troas, reliquias Danaûm atque immitis Achillis,
 Arcebat longe Latio: multosque per annos
 Errabant acti fati maria omnia circum,
 Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,*

*Vix e conspectu Sicula telluris in altum
 Vela dabant Pæti, & spumas salis ære ruebant;
 Cum Juns, æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,
 Hæc secum; Mene incepto desistere victam,*

This rais'd her Fears : Nor was the War forgot,
 Which for her darling *Greece* she wag'd with *Troy* :
 Causes the most remote of Rage and Grief
 She still retain'd ; deep in her Breast were fix'd,
 The Doom of *Paris*, and Resentments high
 For Beauty slighted ; deep, the hated Race,
 And Honours of the ravish'd *Phrygian* Boy :
 Incens'd by these Reflections, far she drove
 From *Latian* Ports, the *Trojans* that escap'd
 The conqu'ring *Grecians*, and the bloody Sword
 Of fierce *Achilles* : Sundry Years they rov'd
 Through various Seas, pursu'd by angry Fate.
 " Such vast Expence of Time and Pains it cost,
 " To lay Foundations for the *Roman* Greatness.

Scarce had the Jolly Seamen spread their Sails,
 Had scarce lost Sight of the *Sicilian* Shore ;
 When *Juno* fost'ring in her Breast Revenge
 Implacable, thus in her Mind resolv'd,

Shall

Nec posse Italiâ Teucrorum avertere regem ?
 Quippe vetor Fatis. Pallásne exurere classem
 Argivûm, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto,
 Unius ob noxam & ^{furias} Ajacis Oilei :
 Ipsa, Jovis rapidum jaculata ex nubibus ignem,
 Disjecitque rates, evertitque aquora ventis :
 Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammâ
 Turbine corripuit, scopulôque infixit acuto.
 Ast ego, quæ divûm incedo regina, Jovisque
 Et soror & conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
 Bella gero : & quisquam numen Junonis adoret
 Præterea, aut supplex aris imponat honorem ?

Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans,
 Nimborum in patriam, loca facta furentibus Austris,

Shall I be baffled, and unfinish'd leave
 My grand Design ? unable to keep back
 The *Trojan* Prince from *Latium's* destin'd Harbour ?
 Because the Fates oppose ! Could *Pallas* burn
 The *Græcian* Fleet, and drown th' unhappy Freight,
 Doom'd all to perish for th' Offence of One !
 She threw *Jove's* Thunder thro' the yielding Clouds,
 Dispers'd the Ships, and rais'd a boist'rous Storm ;
Ajax th' Offender, breathing Sulph'rous Flames,
 Pierc'd with the dreadful Bolt, a Whirlwind bore
 Far off, and fix'd him on a pointed Rock :
 But I, the Queen of Heav'n, who there take place
 Both as the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*,
 Am forc'd with one poor Nation to maintain
 For sev'ral Years a Contest ; and can I
 Expect to be ador'd ? or hope to see
 My Altars crown'd ? or Victims brought, or Pray'rs ?
 Fir'd with such Thoughts, in haste the Goddess seeks
 The stormy Island, fill'd with Southern Blasts,

Æoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatésque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere franat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt: Celsâ sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens; mollitque animos, & temperat iras.
Ni faciat; maria ac terras cælumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, vertantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens; molemque & montes insuper altos
Imposuit; regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo
Et premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usa est.

Æole, (namq; tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex
Et muloere dedit fluctus; & tollere vento.)

Æolia call'd, from *Æolus*, who there
 In a vast Cave, with absolute Command,
 Controuls the Struggling Winds and Noisy Tempests,
 Chain'd and imprison'd; They reluctant grumble
 With hollow Murmur round the rocky Caverns;
 He sits above, and with his Scepter'd Hand
 Softens their Minds, and mod'rates their wild Rage.
 Should He withdraw his Care, we might expect
 To see the Earth, the Sea, the Heav'nly Orbs,
 Torn by their Force, and bandy'd through the Air:
 This to prevent, wisely th' Almighty Sire
 Has close confin'd them in their gloomy Caves,
 With heaps of Earth & Mountains thrown upon them;
 And gave a King, who should as he thought fit
 Their Fury guide, and use the Curb, or Rein.
 To whom thus *Juno* as a Suppliant sues.

O *Æolus*, to whom the Sire of Gods
 And Mankind's awful King, has giv'n full Pow'r
 Of calming Tempests, or of raising Storms,

Gens invisa mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor,
 Ilium in Italiam portans, victosque Penates :
 Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes ;
 Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.
 Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ,
 Quarum quæ formâ pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
 Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo ;
 Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
 Exigat, & pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.

Æolus hac contra : Tuus, ô regina, quid optes,
 Explorare labor ; mihi jussa capeffere fas est.
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptrâ, Jovemque
 Concilias ; Tu das epulis accumbere divâ,
 Nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.

An Odious Race now Plows the *Tuscan* Sea,
 Transporting *Ilium* and her conquer'd Gods
 To *Italy* ; Inspire the Winds with Rage,
 O'rewhelm the Fleet, or scatter wide the Vessels,
 And leave their Bodies floating on the Main.
 Do this, and She the fairest of fourteen
 My fav'rite Nymphs, (tho' wond'rous fair the rest)
 Bright *Deiopeia* shall be only Thine ;
 Thine by the Sacred Tye ; to spend with Thee
 Successive happy Years, thy just Reward,
 And with a beauteous Offspring crown your Loves.

Thus *Æolus* replies : Great Queen of Gods,
 When you vouchsafe to speak your dread Commands,
 Obedience is my Duty ; since to You
 This Post I owe, this Scepter, and *Jove's* Favour :
 Through You, my Royal Patroness, I taste
 Celestial Feasts, and rule the Show'rs and Storms,

*Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem
 Impulit in latus; ac venti, velut agmine facto,
 Quâ data porta, ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
 Incubuerè mari, totumque à sedibus imis
 Unâ Eurisque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
 Africus; & vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus,
 Insequitur clamorque Virum, stridorque rudentum.
 Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
 Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra:
 Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther;
 Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem,*

*Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
 Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,*

Que-

This said, He turn'd his Spear, and struck the Rock,
 Whose Marble Side receiv'd a hideous Gash,
 At which the Winds rush'd in a Body forth,
 And hurl'd the Dust thro' all the neighb'ring Plains:
 Then hover'd o're the Sea : With Force united,
 The *Eastern, Western, and the Southern* Blasts
 Full fraught with Rain and Storms, turn'd up the Deep,
 Disclos'd its dark Foundations, swell'd the Waves,
 And dash'd the foaming Billows on the Shore.
 The Sailors raise loud Cries, the Rigging cracks,
 Black Clouds eclipse the Sky, and That and Day
 Are hid from *Trojan* Eyes ; o're all the Main
 Night spreads her fable Wings, loud Thunder roars,
 Whilst nimble Lightning flashes through the Air :
 All Nature seems to threaten instant Death.

Th' apparent Danger seiz'd the *Trojan* Prince
 With cold Despair, Sighs rend his manly Breast,
 He joins his Hands and lifts them tow'ards the Sky,
 Then

*Talia voce refert : O terque, quaterque beati,
 Quis ante ora patrum, Troja sub manibus altis,
 Contigit oppetere ! O Danaum fortissime gentis
 Tydide, mène Iliacis occumbere campis
 Non potuisse ? tuâq; animam hanc effundere dextrâ ?
 Sævus ubi Æacida telo jacet Hector, & ingens
 Sarpedon : ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
 Sæpta virum, galeasque, & fortia corpora volvit.*



Then thus complains : Thrice happy They, who fell
 Near *Troy's* proud Walls within their Parents View !
 And, thou, the bravest of the *Græcian* Race,
 Great Son of *Tydeus*, why did I escape
 Thy threatning Arm, which in the Fields of *Ilium*
 Had put a glorious Period to my Life !
 Where *Hector* breathless lies, slain by the Sword
 Of stern *Achilles*, and the great *Sarpedon* !
 Whilst down the Current of the neighb'ring Stream,
 Helmets, and Shields, and slaughter'd Warriors roll'd.



Then thus complains : Thrice happy They, who fell
 Near Thy proud Walls within their Parents View !
 And, thou, the bravest of the Grecian Race,
 Great Son of Jove, why did I escape
 Thy threatening Arm, whilst in the Fields of Ilion
 I led but a glorious Period to my Life !
 Where Hector bristles his spear by the sword
 Of stern Achilles, a **66** **YE 23** **66** **YE 23** **66**
 Whirl down the Current of the nighting Stream,
 Helms and Shields, and Warriors roll'd.

